



FROM STEP (SIDE) 9, REMOTE CONTROL PLASTICISM.

TUES — FRI — 10-6, SAT — 12-6, SUN — 1-5

A. V

## FRAGMENTS OF

ARTSPACE, DECEMBER 3rd (6pm) — 15th  
11 RANDLE ST., SURRY HILLS, 2010. (02) 212-5031







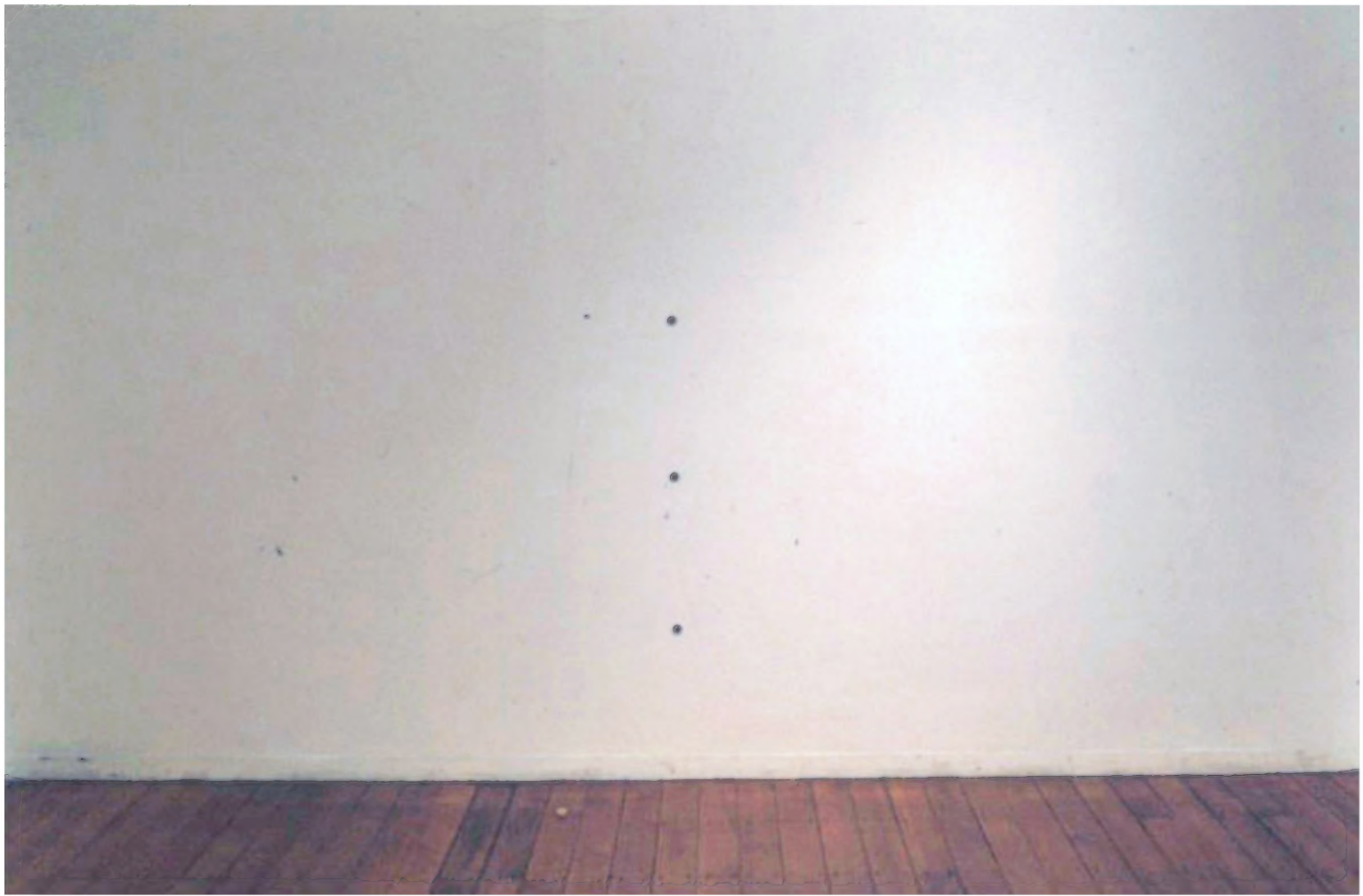












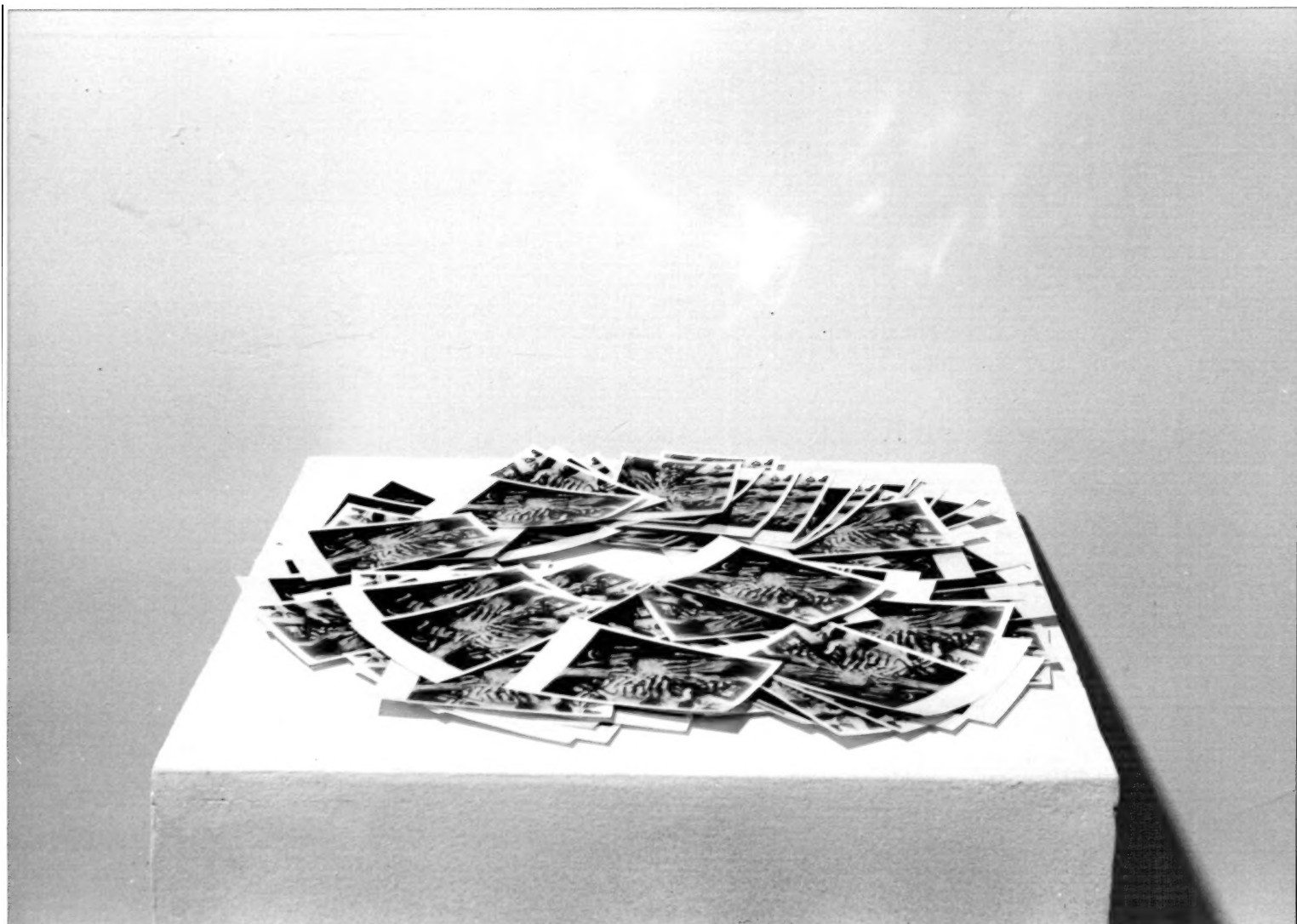


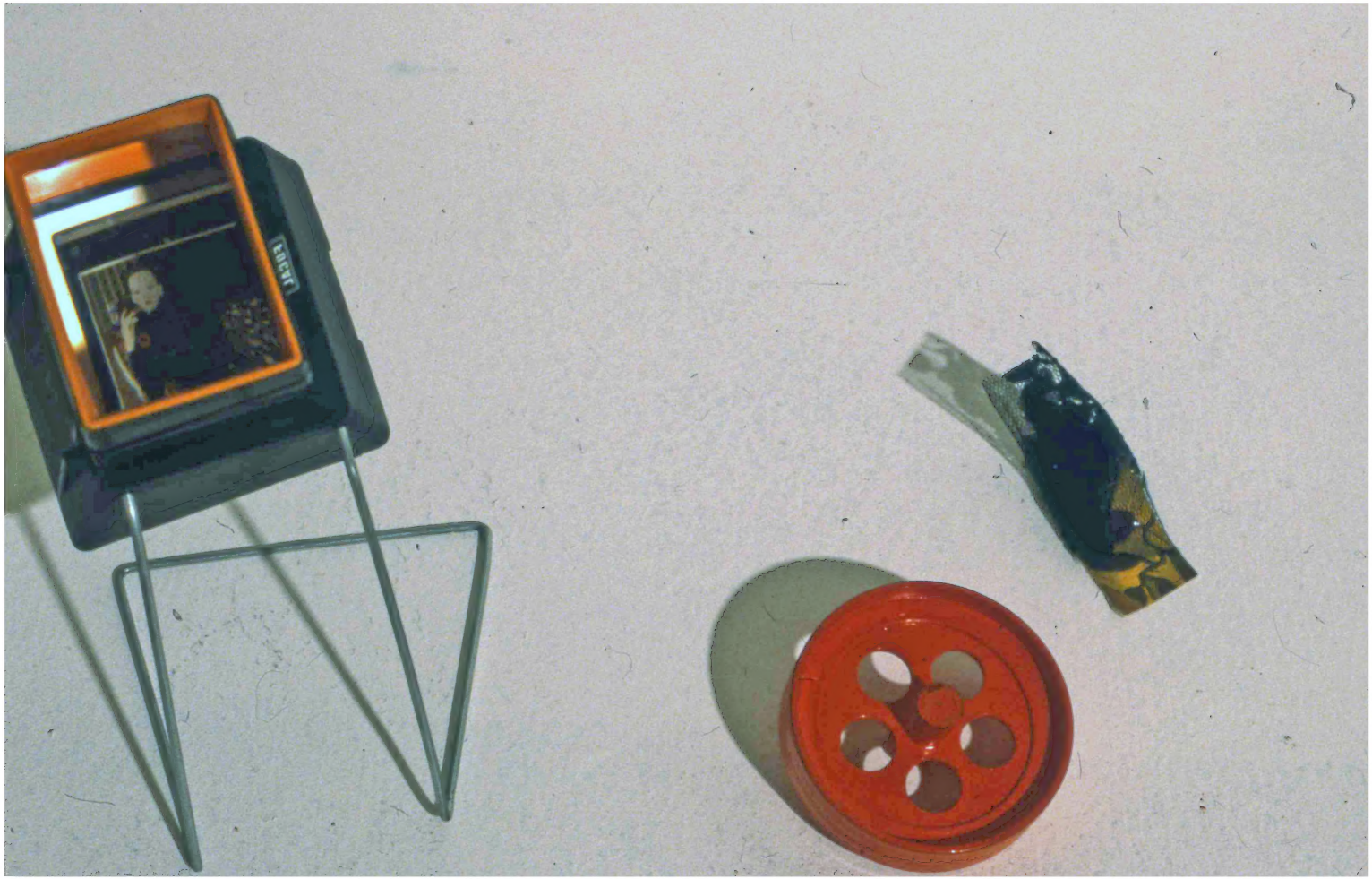














1. - 2. Various works and sketches.
3. The back of the Sydney Town Hall clock (contribution to a festival of performance art). 1980
4. The tallest buildings in town. 1980
5. Installation. 1981 : coins on walls, gallery donation box, two enclosures connected to 100 metres of wire. Those invited to the opening were : 5 messenger florists, 7 alarm system electricians, 7 station masters, 7 solicitors, 5 publicity photographers, 6 academics, 6 soldiers, 7 ecclesiastics, 7 costume makers.
6. Installation. 1981 " X,Y,Z ".
7. A. Object  
B. Image and relic from the now disappeared painting shown at Watters Gallery in 1982.
8. *Hand*
9. *Arage*
10. Martin Place 1982.
11. The centre, I wonder. 1982 - 1983
12. Installation (with small changing light beams). 1983
13. Video/installation. 1984  
(Place : Penrith Regional Art Gallery)  
A. Fragments from the tape.  
B. Installation  
C. Some of the objects used in A and/or B.
14. Untitled *pins in flesh*
15. Corkscrew.
16. Object (now repainted in its original colour) and image from catalogue ("Correspondences", Tasmania 1984).
17. Wax painting with catalogue page ("Correspondences", Tasmania 1984) showing the exhibited piece with image of its own making.
18. Untitled *corks*
19. Stone. 1984
20. *concrete block*

## 5. And Upon This Rock...

It is no accident that A.V. anonymously distributed 299 leaflets with a photograph of a rock, entitled *33 Signatures authenticate this stone donated to the Art Gallery, this Friday, 27th of July*.

The stone is itself and nothing else. But like Daniel Buren's 3" wide vertical stripes, it travels the spaces between institutional structures. At the Futur 0 Fall Conference it is too obvious to be seen. But the leaflet carries a political memory.

Viguié also manipulates the genre of retrospective catalogues by looping the chronological chain of the work in galleries with reproductions that articulate the ongoing state of the work. This is in line with the work overseas, seen here recently with Anna Oppermann and Jochen Gerz.

The fact that art in this age of reprographic technology is treated in the same way as photography in preparation for reproduction (such as sizing, cropping etc), interest him, as it does in Imants

Tillers rescaling images by transferring grid squares one at a time, or Mike Parr's anamorphic self-portraits with their front-stalls projection effect, or Brian Thompson's recent art textbook quotations.

## 6. Violence And The Sacred

Yet unlike much that is happening in Sydney today, these are the most gnostic of works. The Gnostics who, from the desert, spent their time watching the interstellar night, unlike the others busy establishing History and the Pyramids according to the calculations of astral laws.

This may have to do with the fact that he comes from a continent that has already watched cathedrals burn. It may have to do with the fact that he is a foreigner here, which is to be exposed to the point where there is no longer a surface of exposure behind which one is oneself.

Two final things. One which unsettles me and one which gives me pleasure.

The first thing which unsettles me is the appearance of the blue glove. It reminds me of the gloved hand of the midwife, which represents the first marks of the world on the body, the first touch of the institution.

And the thing which gives me pleasure: the blue dot on the invitation card. A gift, a *depense* (or excess), an expensive sacrifice, amid the healing cinema of hands moving through greetings, hands moving through hands of the celebrants. In ritual, the sacrifice serves to protect the entire community from its own violence, absorbing internal tensions and rivalries pent up within it.

The blue spot produced from the clap of a magician's hands, is halfway between black and white, is the colour of a serene mind, is the ghost of Yves Klein.

by George Alexander

# ON THE BEACH

Summer — Autumn 1985